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SMITH
QUESADA
PALMIOTTI

HERE COMES...

DAREDEVIL®

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

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STAN LEE FILMS PRESENTS

GUARDIAN DEVIL

PART SEVEN

THE DEVIL'S DEMON

SCREENPLAY BY KEVIN SMITH • DIRECTED BY JOE QUESADA • PRODUCED BY JIMMY PALMIOTTI

LIGHTING BY RICHARD ISANOVE • SOUND BY RICHARD STARKINGS AND COMICRAFT'S LIZ AGRAPHIOTIS • STARRING NANCI DAKESIAN • AND FEATURING BOB KARRAS AS THE CHIEF

SPECIAL THANKS TO RALPH MACCHIO

THIS IS MY DENOUEMENT, DEAR LISTENER -- WHICH MEANS I'M GOING TO BE TALKING UP A BLUE STREAK.

SO IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR ACTION, YOU'RE OUT OF LUCK.

OH SHOOT...

COULDN'T CARE LESS WHAT YOU HAVE TO SAY...

POOMP

I'M ONLY INTERESTED...

DOOP

OOF!

... IN ENDING YOU.

FLP

D... DON'T FOR... FORGET...

DON'T FORGET THE CHILD...

DAMN HIM...

IF YOU WANT TO STAY ALIVE, YOU'LL TELL ME WHERE THE BABY IS.

CAN'T TELL YOU THAT JUST YET, DEVIL.

HOWEVER, I WILL TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO INFORM YOU THAT THIS SUIT IS WIRED TO ENHANCE MY STRENGTH.

SMAK

UUH!

NOW -- YOU WERE INQUIRING ABOUT THE CHILD'S WELFARE.

THE CHILD HAS BEEN SECURED IN A SOUNDPROOF, VACUUM CHAMBER, SOMEWHERE WITHIN THE BUILDING.

THE UPSHOT IS THAT EVEN YOUR HEIGHTENED SENSES WILL NOT BE ABLE TO DETECT HER.

THE DOWNSHOT IS SIMPLE PHYSICS, REALLY.

YOU SEE, IN ORDER TO CONSTRUCT THE SOUNDPROOF CHAMBER, WE NEEDED TO CREATE THE VACUUM. AND IN ORDER TO CREATE THE VACUUM, WE NEEDED TO ELIMINATE AIR -- IN THIS CASE, OXYGEN.

FROM THE MOMENT YOU SMASHED INTO MY SANCTUM, THE CHILD HAD TWENTY MINUTES TO LIVE.

YOU WASTED FIVE BEATING ON ME.

WASTE ANY MORE OF MY TIME, AND YOU SIGN THE INFANT'S DEATH WARRANT.

WISE CHOICE, HERO. MAINTAIN THAT JUDICIOUS DECISIVENESS, AND I VOW -- I SHALL SPARE THE CHILD'S LIFE.

SHHHPPPP

IN THE MEANTIME, I WONDER IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND ACCOMPANYING ME AS I MAKE MY ROUNDS. THERE ARE A FEW PLOT THREADS THAT NEED TO BE TIED UP BEFORE CURTAIN CALL.

IT TAKES WHAT LITTLE CONTROL I HAVE LEFT TO STAY MY HAND...

BUT I CAN'T PICK UP ANY HINT OF THE BABY. IF SHE'S STILL ALIVE, MY ONLY CHANCE OF SAVING HER IS TO INDULGE THIS TWISTED ANIMAL.

IF SHE'S STILL ALIVE.

THIRTEEN MINUTES LEFT.

IN CASE YOU WERE WONDERING.

DAMN HIM...

I SUPPOSE IT'D BE TOO PRESUMPTUOUS TO ASSUME YOU KNOW MUCH ABOUT ME -- BEYOND YOUR MOST RECENT DISCOVERIES, OF COURSE.

NO -- NO ONE'S EVER GIVEN ME MUCH THOUGHT, I'D WAGER. WHEN ALL'S SAID AND DONE, I'M NOTHING MORE THAN THE GUY WITH THE FISH BOWL HEAD.

TYPICAL.

WELL, THEN LET'S TEST YOUR FILMIC ACUMEN, SHALL WE?

YOU'VE HEARD OF SPIELBERG? LUCAS? CAMERON?

HOW ABOUT QUENTIN BECK?

NO -- I THOUGHT NOT.

THE OTHERS -- WELL, THEY'VE TINKERED WITH PEDESTRIAN, TWO-DIMENSIONAL IMAGERY IN THE PICTURES, OF COURSE. ALL WITH GREAT SUCCESS. BUT QUENTIN BECK...

HE'S CRAFTED THREE-DIMENSIONAL ILLUSIONS SO INCREDIBLE AND INTIMIDATING, THEY'VE MANAGED TO PROVIDE THEIR CREATOR WITH MORE WEALTH THAN ALL THE GROSSES OF THE AFORE-MENTIONED GENTLEMEN'S FILMIC ENDEAVORS COMBINED.

BUT I'LL BET YOU EVERY PENNY OF THAT ACCUMULATED FORTUNE THAT IF YOU POLLED A HUNDRED PEOPLE IN THE GREATER METROPOLITAN AREA -- NOT TO MENTION THE WORLD -- AT LEAST NINETY PERCENT OF THEM WILL NEVER FORGET THE IMAGES OF...

... A CHEAP, RUBBER SHARK JUMPING ON A BOAT...

... A GLORIFIED FLASHLIGHT CUTTING AN OLD MAN IN A BATHROBE DOWN...

... OR A RICKETY ROBOT FIRING A SEMI-AUTOMATIC.

"AND THE PERCENTAGE OF FOLKS WHO'LL RECALL THE *REALITY* OF A GIANT SPHINX TOUCHING DOWN IN THE MIDDLE OF TIMES SQUARE?

"LESS THAN ONE."

QUENTIN BECK, I PRESUME.

NONE OTHER THAN.

YOU SEE, IT'S NEVER WRITTEN ABOUT, BUT IT WAS MY GREAT STRIDES IN SPECIAL EFFECTS THAT AIDED THE POSTER BOYS OF THE FIELD IN DOMINATING THE INDUSTRY AND WINNING OSCARS.

"WERE IT NOT FOR MY EXPERIMENTATION WITH UNTESTED LATEXES AND CHEMICALLY TREATED FACIAL APPLIANCES, THE STAN WINSTONS AND THE RICK BAKERS OF THIS WORLD WOULD BE CLERKING AT CONVENIENCE STORES.

"BUT WHY ISN'T MY NAME UTTERED AMONGST THESE SO-CALLED PIONEERS OF THE FIELD? BECAUSE I CHOSE TO TAKE THE ILLUSIONS OFF THE SCREEN... AND TAKE IT DIRECTLY TO THE PEOPLE.

"TIME AFTER TIME, I TRIED TO SHOW THE COMMON JOE SOMETHING BEAUTIFUL... SOMETHING MAGICAL. AND WHAT DID I GET FOR MY EFFORTS?

"THE MONIKER OF 'BUBBLE-HEAD.'

"THE CATEGORY OF 'SECOND-STRINGER.'

"AND COUNTLESS DEFEATS AT THE HANDS OF THE PERENNIALLY PERKY SPIDER-MAN EITHER SOLO...

"OR ACCOMPANIED BY MY FELLOW NE'ER-DO-WELLS IN ONE OF OUR MANY INCARNATIONS OF THE SINISTER SIX.

THE "SINISTER SIX"... HOW SAD.

BUT I'D RATHER NOT REGALE YOU WITH TRITE TALES OF WHY I BECAME *THAT* BAD EGG. NO -- I'M SURE YOU'RE FAR MORE INTERESTED IN WHY I BECAME *YOUR* BAD EGG.

"IT ALL STARTS WITH A VISIT TO THE RAVENCROFT PHYSICIAN, AFTER I COUGHED UP SOMETHING RATHER... SICKLY.

KOFFE KOFFE

QUENTIN, I'M AFRAID THE PROGNOSIS ISN'T WHAT WE WERE HOPING FOR.

"WE WERE HOPING THAT IT WASN'T A TUMOR.

"BUT A LIFETIME SPENT ABSORBING THE POISONOUS BASES OF THE LATEX APPLIANCES I USED TO MASK MYSELF...

"... AND YEARS OF INGESTING THE CHEMICALS I USED TO CREATE MY SIGNATURE SMOKE, HAD LEFT AN IMPRESSION ON MY INNARDS.

"I GOT THE BONUS PACKAGE: A BRAIN TUMOR AND LUNG CANCER. BOTH COMPLETELY INOPERABLE.

I WAS GIVEN A YEAR... MAXIMUM.

"THEY BEGAN THE PAPERWORK TO RELEASE ME ALMOST IMMEDIATELY. I WAS DECLARED SANE, AND BASED ON MY CONDITION, JUDGED AS A MENACE TO SOCIETY NO LONGER.

"THE RAVENCROFT CHAPLAIN OFFERED ME SOBER ADVICE AS I DEPARTED THAT DAY...

TAXI DUTY

TRUST IN GOD, QUENTIN. DISMANTLE YOUR CRIMINAL PAST AND SEEK HIM OUT.

"GRIEF-STRICKEN, FRUSTRATED AND DESPONDENT, I TOOK HALF HIS ADVICE.

"YOU WOULD IMAGINE THAT OVER THE COURSE OF A LIFE SUCH AS MINE, ONE WOULD AMASS MORE THAN COULD BE DESTROYED IN MERELY HOURS. SURPRISINGLY, IT TOOK NO LONGER THAN TWO.

"BUT THEN, AT THE END OF MY TANTRUM -- AN EPIPHANY OF SORTS.

"HERE I SAT, SURROUNDED BY EVIDENCE OF A LIFETIME SPENT HAND-CRAFTING WONDERS. I WAS AN ARCHITECT OF ILLUSIONS. THE LORD OF THIS FANTASTICAL WORLD. A GOD, EVEN.

"AND I WAS SUDDENLY CONTENT TO HAVE MY DEMISE HANDED TO ME BY CELLULAR MUTINY?

"NO -- MYSTERIO WOULD NOT SUCCUMB TO SOME PEDESTRIAN DISEASE. INSTEAD, HE WOULD FACE HIS UNDOING IN A SUITABLY DRAMATIC BATTLE TO THE DEATH WITH HIS MOST HATED FOE.

"BUT ALAS -- IN MY ABSENCE, THE WORLD HAD COME TO KNOW AN ARACHNID I WAS NOT FAMILIAR WITH.

BUGLE

FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER

SPIDER-MAN?!?

"BASED ON ALL I'D BEEN READING IN THE BUGLE, THIS WAS NOT *MY* SPIDER-MAN. AND HOW POETIC COULD IT POSSIBLY BE TO TAKE FINAL ARMS AGAINST SOME KIND OF... FOR LACK OF A BETTER DESCRIPTION...

... "CLONE?"

MY GRAND FANTASY OF A SWAN SONG SEEMED LIKE A PIPE-DREAM.

UNTIL I REMEMBERED YOU.

"WE'D CLASHED ONCE, AFTER THE AVENGERS WERE THOUGHT DEAD, AND THE BIG APPLE SEEMED RIPE FOR THE PLUCKING. YOU SAW TO IT THAT MY INSURANCE SCHEME MET WITH A QUICK AND UNPROFITABLE END."

I WAS SURPRISED AND IMPRESSED BY YOUR SKILLS, IN RETROSPECT. BUT THEN THERE WAS SOMETHING *MORE* ABOUT YOU THAT APPEALED TO ME.

YOU WEREN'T REGARDED MUCH OUTSIDE OF HELL'S KITCHEN. UNLIKE SPIDER-MAN, YOURS WAS NOT A REPUTATION THAT WAS KNOWN THE WORLD OVER.

I LIKED THAT.

YOU WERE LIKE ME.

A SECOND STRINGER.

AND SO I SET ABOUT INVESTIGATING THE MAN BEHIND THE MASK.

"THERE WAS A TIME WHEN SEEKING AN AUDIENCE WITH THE KINGPIN WOULD COST ONE A MINIMUM OF A MILLION DOLLARS.

"BUT WHEN A MAN LOSES HIS EMPIRE...

... "YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW FAR TEN THOUSAND WILL GET YOU.

SPEAK QUICKLY. I DON'T WANT TO BE SEEN WITH YOU.

IT'S MY DIME, WILSON. IF MY MONEY'S NO GOOD HERE...

GET TO THE POINT.

I'M LOOKING TO BARTER FOR ANY AND ALL INFORMATION YOU HAVE ABOUT THE VIGILANTE DAREDEVIL. I UNDERSTAND YOU'VE OFTEN CLASHED WITH HIM.

IT WOULD HELP ME IMMENSELY IN MY ENDEAVORS IF YOU COULD PROVIDE ME WITH DATA I CAN USE TO STRATEGIZE AGAINST HIM IN MY LATEST CAMPAIGN.

WHAT IS IT THIS TIME, BECK? ANOTHER INSURANCE SCAM FIASCO?

MY DEAR WILSON -- I'VE NO INTEREST IN AN OLYMPIC CONTEST OF STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE WITH THE MAN.

I SEEK TO DRIVE HIM MAD.

"IT WAS AN IDEA THAT APPEALED TO HIM.

PERHAPS THAT TIRED NURSING HOME SWINDLE YOU'RE SO FOND OF?

GO HOME. YOU'RE NOT IN THE MAN'S LEAGUE. HE'LL BEAT YOU WITHIN AN INCH OF YOUR BUBBLE-HEADED LIFE.

"FOR A MILLION DOLLARS, HE TOLD ME EVERYTHING HE KNEW.

EVERYTHING.

"AND SO I BEGAN TO PLOT THE GREATEST UNDOING OF A MAN THERE EVER WAS.

"BASED ON THE DATA I WAS ABLE TO SECURE ABOUT YOU, I DECIDED SOME OF THAT OLD-TIME RELIGION WOULD MAKE FOR THE BEST APPROACH WITH AN OLD ALTAR-BOY SUCH AS YOURSELF.

"SO, ACTING ON THE OTHER HALF OF THE RAVENCROFT CHAPLAIN'S ADVICE, I SOUGHT THE HELP OF THE LORD.

HOLY BIBLE

"INITIALLY, I WAS HESITANT. I FOUND OUT YOU WERE RAISED BY YOUR BOXER-FATHER IN THE CHURCH...

SCULPTO

THE ART OF KIRBY

"HOWEVER, LIKE ANY GOOD, LAPSED CATHOLIC, OUTSIDE OF CHRISTMAS AND THE OCCASIONAL CONFESSION, YOU DON'T SPEND MUCH TIME INSIDE GOD'S HOUSE ANYMORE.

"BUT HOW'S THE OLD SAYING GO? YOU CAN TAKE THE BOY OUT OF CHURCH...

"BUT YOU CAN'T TAKE THE CHURCH OUT OF THE BOY.

"AND ONCE I SET THE STAGE FOR MY PASSION PLAY, ALL I NEEDED WAS THE PLAYERS.

"LIKE YOUR POOR LITTLE GWYNETH. SO YOUNG AND MISGUIDED.

"SHE, TOO, WAS RAISED IN A FAITH -- A FAITH I WAS ABLE TO USE TO MY ADVANTAGE IN DECEIVING THE YOUNGSTER WHEN I HAD HER ABDUCTED, DRUGGED, AND ARTIFICIALLY INSEMINATED.

"CAN YOU IMAGINE THAT -- IN THIS DAY AND AGE OF WONDER AND SCIENCE -- SHE ACTUALLY *BELIEVED* HER PREGNANCY WAS DIVINE?

"BEFORE HER PARENTS COULD ORDER A BLOOD TEST OR INVESTIGATE THE MATTER FURTHER AFTER THE CHILD'S BIRTH...

"... I HIRED SOME OF THE MORE RUTHLESS LOCAL THUGS TO CARRY OUT MY OWN PERSONAL SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

GWYNETH'S R.I.P.

"FEEDING THEIR DAUGHTER HALLUCINOGENIC IMAGERY THAT POINTED HER IN YOUR DIRECTION SEALED YOUR FATE THAT DAY, MISTER MURDOCK.

"WHILE HER FATE WAS SEALED WHEN I HAD NO FURTHER USE FOR HER CHARACTER.

"THEN THERE WAS LYDIA McKENZIE -- THE WOULD-BE ACTRESS WITH AN INSATIABLE DRUG HABIT.

"SEEMS YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM *THAT* TYPE, Eh, DEVIL?

"A FIX OR TWO A DAY, AND SHE'D TELL YOUR ASSOCIATE, FRANKLIN NELSON, ANYTHING I NEEDED THAT SOLD HER AS A WOULD-BE, HIGH SOCIETY DIVORCÉE.

"IT WAS NO GREAT TASK SLIPPING NELSON A MICKEY THAT'D INSURE HE SAW A SIDE OF LYDIA THAT DIDN'T QUITE EXIST...

"AND A LITTLE BAD HORSE SAW TO IT THAT LYDIA *HERSELF* CEASED TO EXIST.

"CEASING TO EXIST WAS SOMETHING THE GREAT JONATHAN CURTAIN -- THE MAN WHOSE FACE AND FORTUNE I CO-OPTED -- CARRIED OUT AS MASTERFULLY AS THE WORK HE BUILT HIS CAREER ON.

"IT WAS THRILLING TO MEET A MAN WHOSE WORK I'D SO ADMIRED FOR DECADES, AND EVEN MORE THRILLING TO SEND HIM TO HIS GREAT REWARD... SO THAT I MIGHT CLAIM MINE. HE'D INVESTED HIS EARNINGS WISELY, SO HE LEFT BEHIND A RATHER SIZABLE ESTATE WHICH I WAS ABLE TO ACCESS IN HIS STEAD.

IT WASN'T NECESSARY TO DISGUISE MYSELF FOR YOUR BENEFIT, I REALIZED. BUT I COULDN'T RISK THE CHANCE THAT SOMEONE WITH FUNCTIONING PEEPERS MIGHT RECOGNIZE QUENTIN BECK AND SPOIL MY GREAT AND SECRET SHOW. THE FACE OF A HARMLESS OLD MAN SEEMED ABOUT AS GOOD A MASK AS ANY, AND THE LEAST I COULD DO WAS HONOR CURTAIN BY WEARING HIS. I HAD, AFTER ALL, KILLED THE MAN.

HIM AND SO MANY OTHERS.

BUT NOT THE CHILDREN IN THE CITY HOSPITALS. AS MUCH AS I'D LIKE TO CLAIM CREDIT FOR THAT BIBLICAL FLOURISH, I MUST CONFESS I HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH IT. YOU CAN BE SURE, THOUGH, THAT ONCE I CAUGHT WIND OF THE SHOCKING TRAGEDY, I WASTED NO TIME WORKING IT INTO MY LITTLE SCENARIO.

DAILY BUGL

HOSPITA TRAGEDY

IT WAS A SERENDIPITOUS HAPPENSTANCE -- ONE THAT MUST HAVE THE GUILTY PARTY TWISTING IN SWEATY, INSOMNIA-PLAGUED SHEETS, NO DOUBT.

HELPING SEND YOUR FORMER LADY-LOVE TO THE GRAVE, HOWEVER, HAS BEEN NOTHING I'VE LOST SLEEP OVER.

IT'S AMAZING, ISN'T IT? A LIFETIME FULL OF QUESTIONABLE MORAL BEHAVIOR DID MORE TO CONVINCE HER THAT SHE WAS RIDDLED WITH DISEASE THAN ME IN MY RENTED DOCTOR SUIT.

MAYBE SHE WAS *HIV*-POSITIVE, MAYBE SHE WASN'T. YOU'D THINK SHE'D AT LEAST GET A SECOND OPINION.

"DIDN'T REALLY MATTER IN THE END, DID IT? THAT MANIAC I SENT IN TO TOY WITH YOU FURTHER SAW TO IT THAT THE NEXT DOCTOR SHE'D SEE...

"... WAS THE CORONER.

THEY ALL PLAYED THEIR PARTS WONDERFULLY, MY LITTLE THESPIANS.

THROW IN A FEW SPOOKY STORIES, SOME MAKEUP, AND A HALLUCINOGEN OR TWO...

... AND YOU'VE GOT THE GROTESQUE MORALITY PLAY THAT HAS BEEN YOUR LIFE FOR THE PAST FEW WEEKS.

EXCUSE ME.

HOW ARE YOU FEELING, MISTER GABRIEL? IT SEEMS OUR FRIEND DEALT YOU QUITE THE BLOW DURING YOUR BATTLE, DIDN'T HE?

GOTTA... GOTTA GET TO THE HOSPITAL...

REST ASSURED, HELP IS ON THE WAY, MISTER GABRIEL.

Ah --

-- HERE IT IS NOW.

BRAT AT

BRRATATATAA

NO!

THIS ISN'T AN AUDIENCE-PARTICIPATION PIECE, DAREDEVIL. I'D ADVISE YOU TO REMEMBER THE WELFARE OF THE CHILD.

BESIDES -- THESE MEN KNEW YOUR IDENTITY BEHIND THE MASK.

CAN'T HAVE YOUR FOES RUNNING AROUND ON THE STREETS KNOWING ALL YOUR SECRETS, NOW CAN WE?

THAT'S IT...

YOU WANNA KNOW ABOUT SECRETS?

WHILE YOU'VE BEEN RAMBLING ABOUT HOW CLEVER YOU ARE, I'VE BEEN LISTENING FOR THE HUM.

HUM? WHAT HUM?

THE HUM OF THE BATTERY THAT POWERS YOUR SUIT'S CIRCUITRY.

SHICK

AHHH!

KER

AK

FINALLY...

AFTER MORE LOSS THAN I'VE EVER KNOWN...

I SEE THE FACE OF MY TORMENTOR.

YOU BREAK IT, YOU BOUGHT IT.

TELL ME WHERE THE BABY IS NOW...

OR SO HELP ME GOD, I'LL *KILL YOU!*

AND H... HERE WE ARE...

THE... F... FINAL ACT. THE ONE I'VE B... BEEN P... PLOTTING FOR THE L... LAST YEAR...

I'VE D... DESTROYED ALL THAT YOU H... HOLD D... DEAR. I'VE SP... SPILLED INNOCENT B... BLOOD IN YOUR N... NAME...

D... DO IT, HERO...

K... KILL ME.

UNG!

I'M NOT GOING TO GIVE YOU THE SATISFACTION.

YOU THINK YOU CAN BREAK ME? YOU'RE A JOKE AND A FRAUD.

NOW GIVE ME THE BABY, AND LET'S *END* THIS.

A... FRAUD?! I'M... AN ARTIST! I N... NEARLY DROVE YOU... INSANE!

YOU DRUGGED ME AND KILLED PEOPLE. THERE'S NO TALENT IN THAT...

JUST SAVAGERY.

B... BUT... MY DYSTOPIAN NIGHTMARE...

... WAS NOTHING MORE THAN B-MOVIE MATERIAL. AN AMALGAM OF WHORISH, CLICHED DEVICES.

"THE SUPERNATURAL INTRUDING ON OUR WORLD?

"DIDN'T YOU USE THE SAME SHTICK ON J. JONAH JAMESON YEARS AGO?

"AND TRYING TO DRIVE ME INSANE? KINGPIN NEARLY DID IT ONCE.

"BUT YOU'RE NO KINGPIN.

"YOU'RE NOT EVEN CLOSE."

YOU THINK YOU'VE SPUN SOME SORT OF GRAND SWAN-SONG EPIC? THINK AGAIN.

YOU'VE JUST TOLD YET ANOTHER TALE OF A SO-CALLED SUPER-GENIUS ENDEAVORING TO DRIVE HIS ARCH-NEMESIS...

OR, IN THIS CASE, HIS *ADOPTED* ARCH-NEMESIS...

INSANE.

YOUR WHOLE EXISTENCE IS COUNTERFEIT. YOU'VE NEVER HAD AN ORIGINAL THOUGHT IN YOUR LIFE. YOU'RE A PRODUCT OF TOO MANY MOVIES AND TOO MUCH T.V. -- REGURGITATING ONLY WHAT'S GONE BEFORE.

YOU'RE A HUMAN XEROX, AT BEST.

I COULD'VE KILLED HIM.

BUT WITH ONLY A FEW, CAREFULLY CHOSEN WORDS...

I'VE TAKEN HIS LIFE.

I WATCH AS A MAN DIES BEFORE ME.

WHERE'S THE BABY?

TK

FSSSSSSSSSSSSSS

UNG.

THE MOMENT THE GLASS LIFTS EVEN A CENTIMETER, I CAN HEAR ALL THE BABY'S INTERNALS.

TAK

HER HEART RATE'S NORMAL.

HER LUNGS ARE STILL FILLED WITH AIR.

BECK IS LUCKY.

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO WANT TO MISS THIS, DAREDEVIL...

I DON'T KNOW WHO'S GOING TO DERIVE MORE SATISFACTION OUT OF THIS -- ME OR YOU.

HIS HEART IS RACING, BUT I DON'T FLINCH.

I KNOW WHERE THAT BULLET'S HEADED.

WHY'S THAT?

BECAUSE I STOLE THIS ONE TOO...

FROM KRAVEN.

KABLAM!

PAR FOR THE COURSE.

THE NOISE DIDN'T SCARE THE BABY IN THE LEAST. SHE DOESN'T SHED A SINGLE TEAR.

NEITHER DO I.

ZONE EMPIRE